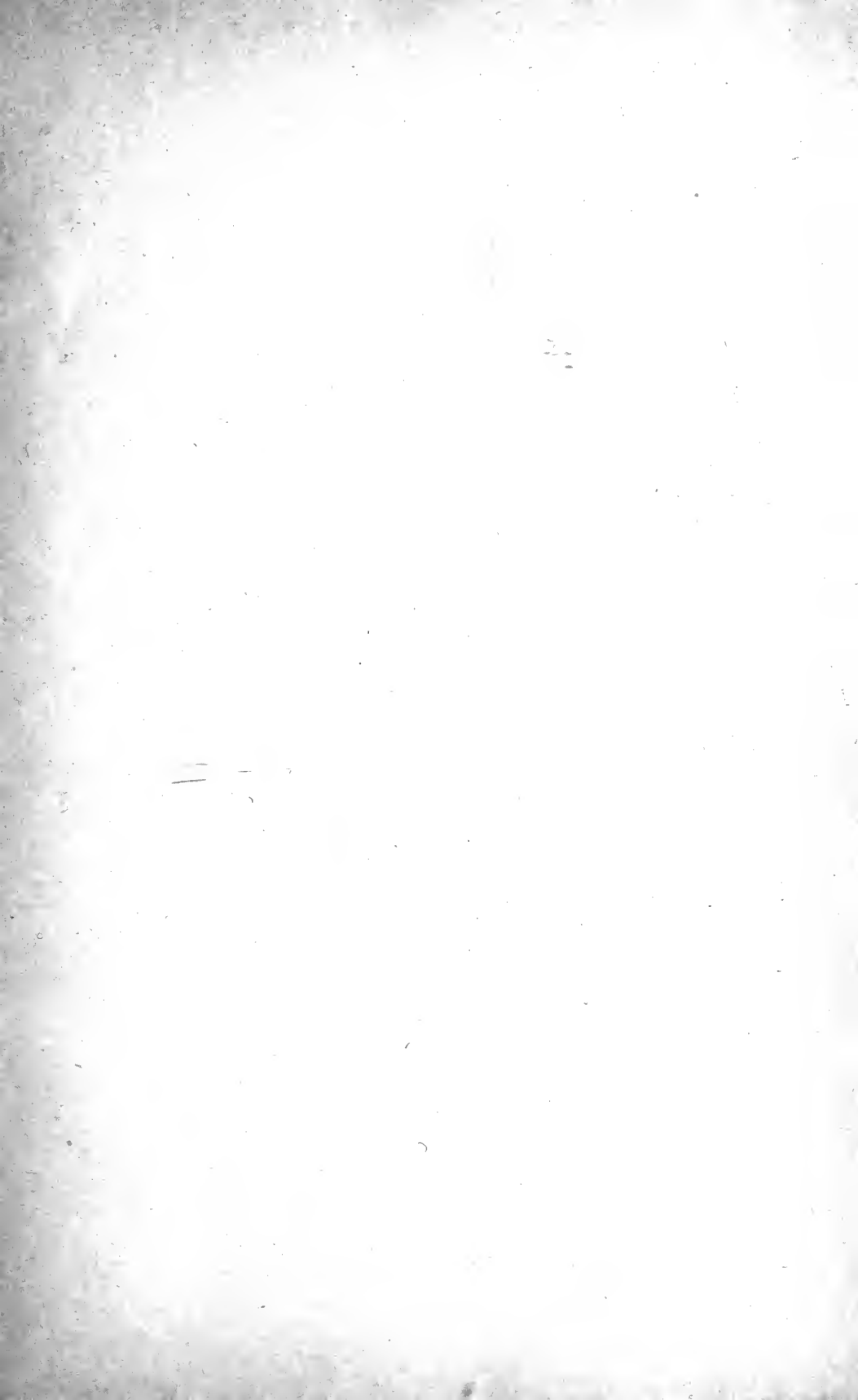


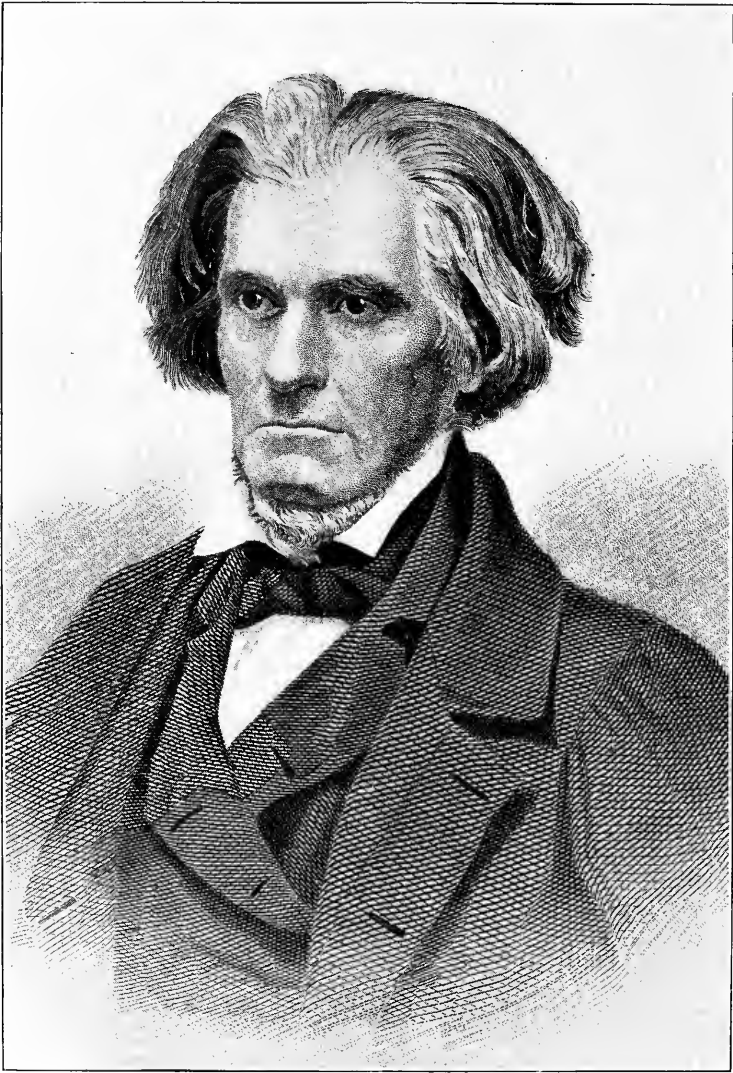
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Program and Material

South Carolina Day







JOHN C. CALHOUN

Program and Material

FOR

South Carolina Day

Prepared Under the Super-
vision of Superintendent

A. J. THACKSTON

Orangeburg
City Schools



Issued by

O. B. MARTIN

State Superintendent of
Education



Columbia, S. C.
The R. L. Bryan Company
1907

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Program and Material *for* South Carolina Day

To Superintendents and Teachers:

In accordance with an Act of the General Assembly, approved the 17th day of February, A. D. 1906, and herewith incorporated, I am sending you suggestive program and material for the celebration of South Carolina Day in the public schools. You will notice that this pamphlet contains material which is not in the suggestive program. This is done in order to allow as much variety as possible. Some teachers may desire to include in their programs other selections which are not contained herein. Of course this will be all right.

It is hoped that the celebration of this day will cause the people of South Carolina to study and appreciate more generally the history and the resources of this great State. We certainly have not, in the past, given due attention to these matters. If this program is carried out as the law provides, great benefit will accrue to the people of the State.

Allow me to suggest that, in addition to carrying out a program to which the patrons of the schools may be invited, you also provide for the raising of sufficient funds on that occasion to purchase for your school rooms copies of pictures of Calhoun and Hampton. I have arranged with W. A. Reckling & Sons, Columbia, S. C., to furnish to such schools as may desire them, pictures 16x20 inches, nicely framed, at \$2 apiece, of these two great men. If the children raise money for these pictures and have them put in the school rooms, I think that such work will, in itself, have a fine influence.

Sincerely yours,

O. B. MARTIN,

State Superintendent of Education.

Columbia, S. C., February 20, 1907.

AN ACT TO PROVIDE FOR THE CELEBRATION OF SOUTH CAROLINA DAY IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

G. S., Vol. 25. That the public schools of this State shall observe Calhoun's birthday, the 18th of March of each year, as "South Carolina Day," and on that day the school officers and teachers shall conduct such exercises as will conduce to a more general knowledge and appreciation of the history, resources and possibilities of this State: *Provided*, That if

the said day shall fall on Saturday or Sunday that the Friday nearest to March 18th shall be selected: *Provided, further*, That if any school shall not be in session on the said date, that the celebration may be held before the close of the term.

That the State Superintendent of Education shall suggest such topics or programs as he may deem appropriate for the celebration of South Carolina Day.

Approved the 17th day of February, A. D. 1906.

SUGGESTIVE ORDER OF EXERCISES.

[The following order of exercises is suggested as suitable for ordinary use. Of course, teachers can vary to suit individual taste. Songs and selections, in addition to those which follow, may be used. Effort should be made to widen interest by giving as many of the children parts in the program as possible:]

- I. Song—Ho, for Carolina!
- II. Roll Call of South Carolina Celebrities.
- III. Recitation—Carolina.
- IV. Reading—The South in the Revolution.
- V. Recitation—Charge of Hagood's Brigade.
- VI. Song—Carolina.
- VII. Sketch of the Life of J. C. Calhoun.
- VIII. John C. Calhoun in Public Opinion.
- IX. Industries and Education of S. C.—By several children.
- X. Recitation—Butler and the Palmetto Regiment.
- XI. Song—The Children's Song.
- XII. Sketch—Henry Laurens.
- XIII. Recitation—Emily Geiger's Ride.
- XIV. Sketch—South Carolina.
- XV. Song—Dixie.

QUOTATIONS.

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

1782-1850.

"Statesman, yet friend to truth!—of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honor clear,
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who sought no title, and who lost no friend!"

Quoted by J. S. Jenkins in Life of J. C. Calhoun.

"His eloquence was part of his intellectual character. It was plain, strong, terse, condensed, concise; sometimes impassioned, still always severe. Rejecting ornament, not often seeking far for illustration, his power consisted in the plainness of his proposition, in the closeness of his logic, and in earnestness and energy of his manner."—*Webster*.

"No man was more respectful to others; no man carried himself with greater decorum; no man with superior dignity. He had the basis, the indispensable basis, of all high character; and that was unspotted integrity, unimpeached honor and character. There was nothing grovelling, or low, or meanly selfish, that came near the head or the heart of Mr. Calhoun. We shall delight to speak of him to those who are rising up to fill our places. And when the time shall come when we ourselves shall go, one after another, in succession to our graves, we shall carry with us a deep sense of his genius and character, his honor and integrity, his amiable deportment in private life, and the purity of his exalted patriotism."—*Webster*.

BY W. A. McQUEEN.

Carolina! raise the palm,
Bring the laurel, wreath the bay,
Scatter incense on the altar,
Hail with joy the natal day!
Living—we with honors crowned thee;
Dying—tears bedewed thy tomb;
Now we glorify thy spirit,
Ever-living, great Calhoun.

When the storm, oppression wakened,
Raged throughout our native land,
Thou did'st speak—the storm subsided—
Peace ensued at thy command.
No pollution brooked thy presence;
No ambition lured thee on;
Thou did'st rise, and set in splendor,
An unclouded spotless sun.

Carolina, hear! he speaketh:—
"Bow not to th' oppressor's rod,
Draw the sword, gird on your armor,
Trust in justice, trust in God!
Burst the galling chain that binds thee
To the body of this death!
Rally round your lone Palmetto,
Freedom yield but with thy breath!"

ROLL-CALL OF SOUTH CAROLINA CELEBRITIES.

[Each name is to be assigned to a pupil, and he (or she) will respond with the lines following the name.]

Ribault—(1) Planting a colony at Port Royal.

Charles Craven—(2) He is in ambush waiting for the Yamassees.

Henry Laurens—(3) I have just had my proclamation for a National Thanksgiving issued.

(4)

Landgrave Smith—(5) My rice is doing finely in S. C. soil.

(6) And he has organized trial by jury for us.

Eliza Lucas—(7) Isn't my dress a pretty blue? Indigo did it.

John Rutledge—(8) "No national movement was made in the beginning of our government where the name of Rutledge was not found."

Christopher Gadsden—(9) "No, don't pay for an ounce of their accursed tea."—*Gadsden*.

(10) "There is no instance to be found in which private interests interfered with his public duty."—*Ramsay*.

Francis Marion—(11) "His soul was his country's; his pride, the rigid observance of her laws; his ambition, to defend her rights, and preserve unspotted, her honor and her fame."

Thomas Sumter—(12) "His campaigns led up to the victories which not only redeemed S. C. from British rule, but gained the independence of America."

Andrew Pickens—(13) Absent with Marion and Sumter.

Rebecca Motte—(14) "Think of surrender as I did of the burning of my house—that is one of the fortunes of war."

Charles Cotesworth Pinckney—(15) "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute."

Sergeant Jasper—(16) How can we fight without a flag?

Emily Geiger—(17) "Now haste thee, my steed!

The weal of a country depends on thy speed!"

John C. Calhoun—(18) "War can make us great, but let it never be forgotten that peace only can make us both great and free!"

Langdon Cheeves—(19) "If you have a worthy case, take it to Cheeves; an unworthy one, take it somewhere else!"

Wm. Lowndes—(20) "It is hard for me to decide who was the greatest statesman I ever knew; but I think the wisest was Wm. Lowndes."—*Clay*.

Robert Hayne—(21) Our bold, fearless orator is debating "State's Rights" with Webster.

(22)

Henry Timrod—(23)

“Fling down thy gauntlet to the Huns,
And roar the challenge from thy guns,
Then leave the future to thy sons,
Carolina!”

Paul Hayne—(24)

“Yet would I rather in the outward state
Of song’s immortal temple lay me down,
A beggar basking by that radiant gate,
Than bend beneath the haughtiest empire’s crown.”

Wade Hampton—(25) Our brave Confederate!

(26) Our loved leader!

Wm. G. Simms—(27) Writing war stories in the forms of novels
and poems.

THE SOUTH IN THE REVOLUTION.

CURRY.

The patriotic and noble efforts of the Northern colonies in our Revolutionary struggle must not be under-rated, and it is far from my purpose to do so. On the other hand, it is unnecessary to claim any superiority of sacrifice or devotion on the part of the Southern colonies; but it is well to exhibit again and again the indebtedness of the cause and the country to the South, in those times of storms and distress—lest we forget.

The Southern colonies were either the first to propose or the first to follow the measures that secured our independence of the Mother Country.

The first call to an American Congress came from Massachusetts; but it was South Carolina that first heard and heeded that call. “And had it not been for South Carolina, no Congress would have convened,” said Gadsden.

“As the United States people spread through the vast expanse over which their jurisdiction now extends, be it remembered,” says Bancroft, “that the blessing of Union is due to the warm-heartedness of South Carolina.”

Boston’s Tea Party is well known and deserves to be well known for its conspicuous patriotism; but it is not so well known that Charleston, South Carolina, also had her tea party. In Boston the tea was thrown into the bay; in Charleston it was thrown into damp cellars and left to the ravages of decay.

Without succor from Congress or Colonies, Marion, Sumter, Horry, Pickens and others, at the head of untrained and unpaid gentlemen, achieved deeds and successes which in other lands more careful of its

chronicles and more habituated to record its achievements would have been the theme of inspiration for romance or verse or history. The victories of these men were a triumphant overthrow of cowardice and Toryism.

While the Southern soldiers fought bravely, they went to the front almost to a man. Virginia and Pennsylvania were nearly equal in population, still Virginia furnished nearly twice as many troops. Although New Hampshire and South Carolina had nearly the same military population, South Carolina furnished nearly twice as many soldiers; outnumbered those from New York although she had half the population of military age. Out of every forty-two citizens capable of bearing arms, South Carolina sent thirty-seven to the front; Massachusetts, thirty-two; Connecticut, thirty; New Hampshire, eighteen.

Still, in 1848, one out of every sixty-two Revolutionary soldiers in the North was on the pension list, while there was only one out of every one hundred and ten in the South. New England alone had more pensioners than there were in the entire South.

The South's part in the Revolutionary struggle was indeed a glorious part, and ought never to be forgotten by any man in this country, North or South.

HENRY LAURENS

"Was born in Charleston in 1724. His ancestors were French Protestant refugees, who had left France soon after the revocation of the edict of Nantz. * * * His education was superintended at first by Mr. Howe, and afterwards by Mr. Corbett * * *. Being designed for a merchant, Henry Laurens was early in life put under the care of Thomas Smith, merchant, of Charleston, and afterwards of Mr. Crockatt, of London. * * * Under these instructors, Henry Laurens was regularly bred to merchandise, and acquired those habits of order, system, and method in business, for which he was through life remarkable. * * * His scrupulous attention to punctuality not only in the discharge of pecuniary engagements, but in being where and in doing what he had promised, was almost romantic. * * *

He had an exact knowledge of human nature, and, in his own mercantile language, soon found out the par of exchange of every man with whom he transacted business. His eye was uncommonly penetrating, and the correct opinions he frequently formed of the real characters of men, from their looks, would, if known to Lavater, have confirmed that philosopher in his theory of physiognomy. * * *

His talents for conversation were great. He could adapt himself to the young and the old, the gay and the grave, to the man of business and the votaries of pleasure. He reproved without offending, and gave advice without appearing to dictate. * * *

In two or three instances he yielded to the fashionable folly of accepting a challenge to decide a controversy by single combat. In every such case he received the fire of his adversary, but would not return it. * * *

Mr. Laurens once persuaded a favorite slave to give a reluctant consent to receive the smallpox by inoculation, who, in consequence thereof, died. To comfort the deceased for the issue of an unfortunate experiment

urged upon him, assurances were given to him in his dying moments that his children should be emancipated. This was accordingly done. * * *

Mr. Laurens having amassed a fortune, and having lately lost his wife, gave up business, and in 1771 went to Europe to superintend the education of his sons. Soon after he had made arrangements for bringing them forward to the greatest advantage, the disputes began which finally severed the colonies from the parent State. He was one of the thirty-nine natives of America, who, in 1774, petitioned the British Parliament not to pass the Boston port bill. His utmost exertions were made to prevent the war; but finding that nothing short of the most degrading submission on the part of the colonies would prevent it, he determined to return to Carolina and take part with his countrymen. * * *

Soon after the establishment of a regular Constitution in South Carolina, in 1776, he was elected a member of Congress, and shortly after he had taken his seat, was appointed President of that body. * * *

In December, 1778, Mr. Laurens resigned the chair of Congress, and thereupon received their thanks "for his conduct in the chair, and in the execution of public business." * * *

In the year following he was appointed minister plenipotentiary from the United States to Holland. On his way thither he was captured and carried to England, and there committed a prisoner to the Tower of London, on suspicion of treason; and was officially mentioned by Sir Joseph York as "styling himself President of the pretended Congress." * * *

In the year 1781, Lieutenant-Colonel John Laurens, the eldest son of Henry Laurens, arrived in France, as the special minister of Congress. The father was requested to write to the son to withdraw himself from the Court of France, and assurances were given that it would operate in his favor. To these requests, he replied, "My son is of age and has a will of his own; if I should write to him in the terms you request it would have no effect; he would only conclude that confinement and persuasion had softened me. I know him to be a man of honor. He loves me dearly and would lay down his life to save mine, but I am sure he would not sacrifice his honor to save my life; and I applaud him." * * *

As the year 1781 drew near a close, Mr. Laurens' suffering in the Tower became generally known, and excited compassion in his favor, and odium against the authors of his confinement. It had also been found by the inefficacy of many attempts, that no concessions could be obtained from him. It was therefore resolved to release him. * * * When the time of his appearance at court drew near he was not only discharged from all obligations to attend, but was requested by Lord Shelburne to go to the continent in subserviency to a scheme for making peace with America. Mr. Laurens was startled at the idea of being released without any equivalent, as he had uniformly held himself to be a prisoner of war. From a high sense of personal independence, and unwillingness to be brought under an apparent obligation, he replied, "That he durst not accept himself as a gift; and that as Congress had once offered Lieu-

tenant-General Burgoyne for him, he had no doubt of their now giving Lieutenant-General Earl Cornwallis for the same purpose."

The contrast between this close confinement in the Tower for more than fourteen months, and the active life to which Mr. Laurens had been accustomed, so far undermined his constitution that he never afterwards enjoyed good health. Soon after his release he received a commission from Congress to be one of their ministers to negotiate a peace with Great Britain. He repaired to Paris, and there, in conjunction with Dr. Franklin, John Adams and John Jay, signed the preliminaries of peace on the 30th of November, 1782, by which the independence of the United States was acknowledged. Mr. Laurens soon after returned to ~~Canada~~ *Caroli*. His health, which had long been delicate, gradually declined, and on the 8th of December, 1792, near the close of his 69th year, he expired. His will concluded with these words: "I solemnly enjoin it on my son as an indispensable duty, that, as soon as he conveniently can after my decease, he cause my body to be wrapped in twelve yards of tow cloth, and burnt until it be entirely consumed, and then collecting my bones, deposit them wherever he may think proper." This request was fulfilled.—*Ramsay*.

WILLIAM HENRY DRAYTON.

William Henry Drayton was born in Carolina in 1742. He spent his youth and acquired his education in England. Soon after he came to manhood he returned to Carolina, and there, with inferior opportunities, but superior industry, prosecuted his studies. In his youth he acquired the greater part of that knowledge for which he was afterwards distinguished. He first began to write for the public about the year 1769. He was elected a member of the Provincial Congress which sat in January, 1775; and in the course of that year was advanced to the presidency thereof. In the latter character, he issued, on the 9th of November, 1775, the first order that was given in South Carolina for firing on the British. The order was addressed to Col. William Moultrie, and directed him "by every military operation to endeavor to oppose the passage of any British naval armament that may attempt to pass Fort Johnson." This was before Congress had decided on independence, and in the then situation of Carolina was a bold, decisive measure.

Before the Revolution, Mr. Drayton was one of the King's counsellors, and one of his assistant Judges for the Province. The first of these offices he resigned, and from the last he was dismissed by the officers of his Britannic majesty. On the formation of a popular Constitution he was reinstated by his countrymen in the corresponding offices of the State, and in the last advanced to the rank of Chief Justice. In this latter capacity he gave a charge to the Grand Jury in April, 1776, in which he declared that George the Third, King of Great Britain, had abdicated the government of South Carolina, that he had no authority over the people of that colony, and that they owed no obedience to him." This being anterior to the Declaration of Independence, was bold language. He was a statesman of great decision and energy, and one of the ablest political writers Carolina has produced.—*Ramsay*.

JOHN C. CALHOUN.

John Caldwell Calhoun was born March 18, 1782, in the Calhoun Settlement, in what was then known as Abbeville District, South Carolina. His father, Patrick Calhoun, was a pioneer, hardy and self-taught, yet he was an excellent English scholar, and a skillful surveyor. He was a man of small fortune, and his son's greatest heritage was the indomitable will which is a characteristic of the Scotch-Irish stock from which Calhoun came.

Calhoun's early education was at a private school in Georgia. In 1802, at the age of nineteen, he entered Yale, from which college he graduated with high honors. He practiced law for three years afterwards in Litchfield, Conn. He then returned to Abbeville, S. C., and continued his profession. His eloquence in addressing a small meeting of citizens brought him suddenly into prominence, and at the next election he headed the ticket as Representative in the Legislature of his State, where he served two terms.

His long national career began in 1810, when he was chosen to represent his State in the lower house of Congress. Henry Clay, as Speaker, appointed the youthful Calhoun to the second place on the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and the events which followed justified his choice. At this time the United States was in a humiliating position. Great Britain had been taking American sailors from American ships on the high seas. Calhoun favored war. The brilliant John Randolph had tried to check the tide of war opinion, but Calhoun, in his maiden speech, answered his objections, one by one, and made a telling speech, calling for war in no uncertain terms. The next session he was elected Chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee.

After the War of 1812, Calhoun turned his attention to the currency, which was in a badly disordered state. The question of the establishment of a National Bank was referred to the Currency Committee, of which Mr. Calhoun was Chairman. Through his influence a bill was passed restoring a uniform currency to the nation. His speech in the Senate, in 1837, concerning the withdrawal of the deposits of the National Bank, is probably as clear a statement of the history and theory of banking as is available.

Calhoun's term of six years in the House of Representatives fully established his reputation as a debater and as a student of public questions of the day. But it remained for the administration of Monroe to show his executive ability. In 1817, at the age of thirty-six, he was appointed Secretary of War by the President, and immediately began the task of reconstructing the badly neglected affairs of that department. He reduced the expense, per man, of the army proper, nearly one-half. When he entered the War Office, it owed something like \$40,000,000. He left it with the comparatively small debt of about \$3,000,000.

It is said that Dr. Timothy Dwight, President of Yale, and Mr. Calhoun once had a debate over a question of government, in which the whole hour of study was consumed. The tall, awkward, pale youth acquitted

himself so well that the learned Doctor remarked to the class that the young gentleman from South Carolina was possessed of enough talent to be President of his country, and that he should not be surprised to see him in that position in the years to come. History forcibly shows that Dr. Dwight was correct in his estimate of Calhoun's talents, and his forecast for a Presidential career for his pupil very nearly came true in 1824, when Calhoun was seriously considered as an eminently fit candidate for the Presidency. But Andrew Jackson, Henry Clay, John Quincy Adams and W. H. Crawford were also in the race, and Calhoun withdrew. He was immediately chosen Vice-President by the friends of the other candidates. He was re-elected in 1828, but upon call of his State, resigned the Vice-Presidency to represent South Carolina in the Senate.

About this time the question of Nullification arose, Calhoun holding that a State had the right to declare null or void any Act, passed by the general government, which interfered with the affairs of the State. This opinion was held by some to be little short of treason. He and his colleagues stood alone in their belief against the whole of both Houses of Congress, but so well did he defend himself and uphold the doctrines of his State that the tide of public opinion turned in his favor, and those not convinced by his argument were nevertheless convinced of his integrity and the sincerity and patriotism of his motives. The nation was kept in a state of suspense, as trouble was thought to be imminent by some, but Henry Clay came forward with a compromise measure, and the question was adjusted.

In 1843, Calhoun resigned his seat in the Senate, with the intention of retiring to private life, but, there being a vacancy in the Cabinet, President Tyler invited him to accept the office of Secretary of State. From President Polk he refused the mission to England. But South Carolina valued his services too highly to allow him to retire just yet, and he was again sent to the Senate. On the occasion of the reading of Clay's Omnibus Bill, he was too weak to speak, and his speech was read from manuscript. His form, wasted by disease, made a profound impression as he gazed around the Senate with sunken eyes. Broken in health and depressed in spirits, he left the walls of the Capitol, never to return. He died in 1850, followed in a short time by Webster and Clay.

When we study the history of their times, and the gigantic struggles in which they engaged, it seems as if an heroic age was passed in America.

Calhoun, orator, statesman, patriot, stern, dignified, indomitable, made many enemies on account of his convictions, and made many friends on account of the service he rendered his State, which the people of his State will not forget.

He may have embraced an unpopular cause; he may have repelled many by his stern face and his cold, unrelenting disposition, but his bitterest enemies admit the sincerity of his motives, the loftiness of his purpose, and his devotion to the interests of his people.

TO CALHOUN.

(Written for Orangeburg City Schools.)

To-day we stand, both young and old,
To tell the deeds quite manifold
Of Carolina's son.

He sought the truth, he urged the right,
He always made a manly fight
For honest rule.

Vice-President elected twice,
He served his country nobly thrice
And gained renown.

Oh! son, with an unsullied name,
Thy name shall grace the hall of fame
Among the great.

Calhoun, the great Calhoun, the wise,
In old St. Phillip's buried lies,
In storied tomb.

From lives like his we all should learn,
To men like him we all should turn,
For higher aims.

CAROLINA.

The despot treads thy sacred sands,
Thy pines give shelter to his bands,
Thy sons stand by with idle hands,
Carolina!

He breathes at ease thy airs of balm,
He scorns the lances of thy palm;
Oh! who shall break thy craven calm,
Carolina!

Thy ancient fame is growing dim,
A spot is on thy garment's rim;
Give to the winds thy battle hymn,
Carolina!

Call on thy children of the hill,
Wake swamps and river, coast and rill,
Rouse all thy strength and all thy skill,
Carolina!

Cite wealth and science, trade and art,
 Touch with thy fire the cautious mart,
 And pour thee through the people's heart,
 Carolina!

Till even the coward spurns his fears,
 And all thy fields, and pens, and meres,
 Shall bristle like thy palm, with spears,
 Carolina!

Hold up the glories of thy dead;
 Say how thy elder children bled,
 And point to Eutaw's battle-bed,
 Carolina!

Tell how the patriot's soul was tried,
 And what his dauntless breast defied;
 How Rutledge ruled, and Laurens died,
 Carolina!

Cry! till thy summons, heart at last,
 Shall fall, like Marion's bugle-blast,
 Re-echoed from the haunted past,
 Carolina!

I hear a murmur, as of waves,
 That grope their way through sunless caves,
 Like bodies struggling in their graves,
 Carolina!

And now it deepens; slow and grand
 It swells, as rolling to the land
 An ocean broke upon the strand,
 Carolina!

Shout! let it reach the startled Huns!
 And roar with all thy festal guns!
 It is the answer of thy sons,
 Carolina!

They will not wait to hear thee call;
 From Sachem's head to Sumter's wall
 Resounds the voice of hut and hall,
 Carolina!

No! thou hast not a stain, they say,
 Or none save what the battle-day
 Shall wash in seas of blood away,
 Carolina!

Thy skirts, indeed, the foe may part,
 Thy robe be pierced with sword and dart,
 They shall not touch thy noble heart,
 Carolina!

Ere thou shalt own the tyrant's thrall,
 Ten times ten thousand men must fall;
 Thy corpse may hearken to his call,
 Carolina!

When by thy bier, in mournful throngs,
 The women chant thy mortal wrongs,
 'Twill be their own funereal songs,
 Carolina!

From thy dead breast, by ruffians trod,
 No helpless child shall look to God;
 All shall be safe beneath thy sod,
 Carolina!

Girt with such will to do and bear,
 Assured in right, and mailed in prayer,
 Thou wilt not bow thee to despair,
 Carolina!

Throw thy bold banner to the breeze!
 Front with thy ranks the threatening seas,
 Like thine own proud armorial trees,
 Carolina!

Fling down thy gauntlet to the Huns,
 And roar the challenge from thy guns;
 Then leave the future to thy sons,
 Carolina!

(*Timrod.*)

SOUTH CAROLINA.

My brave old country! I have watched thee long,
 Still ever first to rise against the wrong;
 To check the usurper in his giant stride,
 And brave his terrors and abase his pride;
 Foresee the insidious danger ere it rise,
 And warn the heedless and inform the wise;
 Scorning the lure, the bribe, the selfish game,
 Which, through the office, still becomes the shame;
 Thou stood'st aloof, superior to the fate
 That would have wrecked thy freedom as a State.

In vain the despot's threat, his cunning lure;
 Too proud thy spirit, and thy heart too pure;
 Thou had'st no quest but freedom, and to be
 In conscience well-assured, and people free.
 The statesman's love was thine, the patriot's aim,
 These kept thee virtuous, and preserved thy fame;
 The wisdom still for council, the brave voice,
 That thrills a people till they all rejoice.
 These were thy birthrights; and two centuries passed,
 As, at the first, still find thee at the last:
 Supreme in council, resolute in will,
 Pure in thy purpose—independent still!
 The great good counsels, the examples brave,
 Won from the past, not buried in its grave,
 Still warm your soul with courage, still impart
 Wisdom to virtue, valor to the heart!
 Still first to check the encroachment—to declare
 "Thus far! no further, shall the assailant dare;"
 Thou keep'st thy ermine white, thy State secure,
 Thy fortunes prosperous, and thy freedom sure;
 No glazing art deceives thee to thy bane;
 The tempter and the usurper strive in vain!
 Thy spear's first touch unfolds the fiendish form,
 And first, with fearless breast, thou meet'st the storm;
 Though hosts assail thee, thou thyself a host,
 Prepar'st to meet the invader on the coast;
 Thy generous sons contending which shall be
 First in the phalanx gathering by the sea;
 No dastard fear appals them, as they teach
 How best to hurl the bolt, or man the breach!
 Great soul in little frame! the hope of man
 Exults, when such as thou art in the van!
 Unshaken, unbeguiled, unslaved, unbought,
 Thy fame shall brighten with each battle fought;
 True to the examples of the past, thou'lt be
 For the long future, best security.

—*Anon.*

CAROLINA.

BY ANNA PEYRE DINNIES.

In the hour of thy glory,
 When thy name was far renowned,
 When Sumter's glowing story
 Thy bright escutcheon crowned;
 Oh, noble Carolina! how proud a claim was mine,
 That through homage and through duty, and birthright, I was thine.

Exulting as I heard thee,
 Of every lip the theme,
 Prophetic visions stirred me,
 In a hope illumined dream:
 A dream of dauntless valor, of battles fought and won,
 Where each field was but a triumph—a hero every son.

And now, when clouds arise,
 And shadows round thee fall;
 I lift to heaven my eyes,
 Those visions to recall;
 For I cannot dream that darkness will rest upon thee long,
 Oh, lordly Carolina! with thine arms and heart so strong.

Thy serried ranks of pine,
 Thy live-oaks spreading wide,
 Beneath the sunbeams shine,
 In fadeless robes of pride;
 Thus marshalled on their native soil their gallant sons stand forth,
 As changeless as thy forests green, defiant of the North.

The deeds of other days,
 Enacted by their sires,
 Themes long of love and praise,
 Have wakened high desires
 In every heart that beats within thy proud domain,
 To cherish their remembrance, and live those scenes again.

Each heart the home of daring,
 Each band the foe of wrong,
 They'll meet with haughty bearing,
 The war-ship's thunder song;
 And though the base invader pollute thy sacred shore,
 They'll greet him in their prowess as their fathers did of yore.

His feet may press their soil,
 Or his numbers bear them down,
 In his vandal raid for spoil,
 His sordid soul to crown;
 But his triumph will be fleeting, for the hour is drawing near
 When the war-cry of thy cavaliers shall strike his startled ear.

A fearful time shall come,
 When thy gathering bands unite,
 And the larum-sounding drum
 Calls to struggle for the Right;
 "*Pro aris et pro focis*," from rank to rank shall fly,
 As they meet the cruel foeman, to conquer or to die.

Oh, then a tale of glory
 Shall yet again be thine,
 And the record of thy story
 The Laurel shall entwine;
 Oh, noble Carolina! oh, proud and lordly State!
 Heroic deeds shall crown thee, and the Nations own thee great.
 [Can be sung to the familiar air—Harwell 8, 7.]

“CAROLINA!”

Carolina! Carolina!
 Noble name in State and story,
 How I love thy truthful glory,
 As I love the blue sky o'er ye,
 Carolina evermore.

Carolina! Carolina!
 Hand of chivalry unfearing,
 Daughters fair beyond comparing,
 Sons of worth and noble daring,
 Carolina evermore.

Carolina! Carolina!
 Soft thy clasp in loving greeting,
 Plenteous board and kindly meeting,
 All thy pulses nobly beating,
 Carolina evermore.

Carolina! Carolina!
 Green thy valleys, bright thy heaven,
 Bold thy streams through't forest riven,
 Bright thy laurels, hero-given,
 Carolina evermore.

Carolina! Carolina!
 Holy name, and dear forever,
 Never shall thy children, never,
 Fail to strike with grand endeavor,
 Carolina evermore.

John A. Wagener.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The deed is done! the die is cast;
 The glorious Rubicon is passed:
 Hail, Carolina! free at last.

Strong in the right, I see her stand
 Where ocean leaves the shelving sand;
 Her own Palmetto decks the strand.

She turns aloft her flashing eye;
 Radiant, her lonely star on high
 Shines clear amidst the darkening sky.

Silent, along those azure deeps,
 Its course her silver crescent keeps,
 And in soft light the landscape steeps.

Fling forth her banner to the gale!
 Let all the hosts of earth assail—
 Their fury and their force shall fail.

Echoes the wide resounding shore,
 With voice above th' Atlantic roar,
 Her sons proclaim her free once more!

Oh, land of heroes! Spartan State!
 In number few, in daring great,
 Thus to affront the frowns of fate!

And while mad triumph rules the hour,
 And thickening clouds of menace lower,
 Bear back the tide of tyrant power.

With steadfast courage, faltering never,
 Sternly resolved, her bonds we sever:
 Hail, Carolina! free forever!

—*S. Henry Dickson.*

THE SWAMP FOX.

We follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
 His friends and merry men are we;
 And when the troop of Tarleton rides,
 We burrow in the cypress tree.
 The turfy hammock is our bed,
 Our home is in the red deer's den,
 Our roof, the tree-tops overhead,
 For we are wild and hunted men.

We fly by day and shun its light,
 But, prompt to strike the sudden blow,
 We mount and start with early night,
 And through the forest track our foe.
 And soon he hears our chargers leap,
 The flashing sabre blinds his eyes,
 And ere he drives away his sleep,
 And rushes from his camp, he dies.

Free bridle bit, good, gallant steed,
 That will not ask a kind caress
 To swim the Santee at our need,
 When on his heels the foeman press—
 The true heart and the ready hand,
 The spirt stubborn to be free,
 The twisted bore, the smiting brand—
 And we are Marion's men, you see.

Now light the fire and cook the meal,
 The last, perhaps, that we shall taste;
 I hear the Swamp Fox around us steal,
 And that's a sign we move in haste.
 He whistles to the scouts, and hark!
 You hear his order, calm and low.
 Come, wave your torch across the dark,
 And let us see the boys that go.

We may not see their forms again,
 God help 'em, should they find the strife!
 For they are strong and fearless men,
 And make no coward terms for life;
 They'll fight as long as Marion bids,
 And when he speaks the word to shy,
 Then, not till then, they turn their steeds,
 Through thickening shade and swamps to fly.

Now stir the fire and lie at ease,—
 The scouts are gone, and on the brush
 I see the Colonel bend his knees,
 To take his slumbers, too. But hush!
 He's praying, comrades; 'tis not strange;
 The man that's fighting day by day
 May well, when night comes, take a change,
 And down upon his knees to pray.

Break up that hoeecake, boys, and hand
 The sly and silent jug that's there;
 I love not it should idly stand
 When Marion's men have need of cheer.
 'Tis seldom that our luck affords
 A stuff like this we just have quaffed,
 And dry potatoes on our boards
 May always call for such a draught.

Now pile the brush and roll the log;
 Hard pillow, but a soldier's head
 That's half the time in brake and bog
 Must never think of softer bed.

The owl is hooting to the night,
 The cooter crawling o'er the bank,
 And in that pond the flashing light
 Tells where the alligator sank.

What! 'tis the signal! start so soon,
 And through the Santee swamp so deep,
 Without the aid of friendly moon,
 And we, Heaven help us! half asleep!
 But courage, comrades, Marion leads,
 The Swamp Fox takes us out to-night;
 So clear your swords and spur your steeds,
 There's goodly chance, I think, of fight.

We follow where the Swamp Fox guides,
 We leave the swamp and cypress tree,
 Our spurs are in our coursers' sides,
 And ready for the strife are we.
 The Tory camp is now in sight,
 And there he cowers within his den;
 He hears our shouts, he dreads the fight,
 He fears, and flies from Marion's men.

Wm. G. Simms.

EMILY GEIGER'S RIDE.

At an early hour of a dawn in June,
 Still stood in the heavens the disk of moon,
 A crowd was assembled in front of a cot
 In a motley, half anxious, half curious knot,
 Round a jet black charger, all saddled for ride,
 And they fondled his neck and they patted his side,
 Affectionately murmuring, "Remember, good steed,
 This day a whole country depends on thy speed."

The intelligent creature in mute reply
 Let sweep o'er the circle his faithful eye,
 And eager to prove to the people his strength,
 Extended his forelegs their uttermost length,
 And seemed to express by his snuffing the air,
 By the strain of his muscles and nostrils' flare:
 "Be tranquil, good folks! I shall prove by my deed
 That the country not vainly relied on my speed."

The cottage door opened, and out on the scene,
 And led by the arm of General Greene,
 Came Emily Geiger, her thoughtful face
 Illumed by her mission's transfiguring rays.

But he gave her a letter, and stroking her curls,
 He whispered, "God shield thee, thou bravest of girls;"
 Then he turned to the charger: "Remember, good steed,
 This day a whole country depends on thy speed."

A kiss from her father, who lent her his aid
 To leap in the saddle: A word from the maid,
 And forth plunged the charger with all his might.
 And quickly had vanished with falcons' flight.
 Long harked yet the patriots to his gallop's report,
 Then turned to their task of bombarding the fort;
 But they prayed the whole day: "Oh, haste thee, good steed,
 This day a whole country depends on thy speed."

In course as straight as a robin will soar
 To the North when the winter's dominion is o'er,
 The maid in the meantime had followed the ridge
 That skirts the Saluda: Once over the bridge
 Her journey lay wholly in hostile domain,
 A region of warfare and party campaign.
 So she called to her charger: "Now haste thee, good steed,
 The weal of a country depends on thy speed."

A ride of five hours, and the Enoree lay
 From mountain-rain swollen across their way,
 Every bridge washed away, every trace of a ford;
 No ferry, no wherry to take them on board.
 Yet, breasting the billows, they boldly defied
 The treacherous, turbulent, threatening tide,
 And landed in safety. "Now haste thee, my steed,
 The weal of a country depends on thy speed."

'Twas noon! and from heaven the radiant sun
 Shot fiery beams, yet she slacked not her run
 As she wended her way through the Tyger's vale
 On a narrow, obstructed, old Indian trail.
 Her saddle here broke, but she flung it aside,
 And, sitting now bareback, continued her ride,
 While urging her charger: "Now haste thee, my steed,
 The weal of a country depends on thy speed."

So riding, two Tories, their muskets in hand,
 Sprang forth from their ambush and brought her to stand;
 They asked her, unwilling her word to believe;
 They ransacked her satchel, but failed to perceive
 How she swallowed the letter she bore at her heart.
 The search proving fruitless, they let her depart.
 Remounting, she whispered: "Now haste thee, my steed,
 The weal of a country depends on thy speed."

'Twas eve! in the tent-rows of Sumter's small camp
 Sat his men round the fires, when a furious tramp
 Was heard of a sudden and a charger flew past,
 With a roar of a whirlwind and the pant of a blast,
 His rider a maiden, with wild flowing hair,
 But her visage illumed by a rapturous glare,
 As she called: "Yet one moment, one moment, my steed,
 And saved is the country, yea, saved by thy speed."

Asking for Sumter wherever she went,
 Scarce waiting for answer, she came to his tent,
 And spoke: "It is Greene who has sent me; his note
 I swallowed when waylaid, yet know what he wrote:
 To give him a chance yet the fort to assail,
 Or else to retreat when his efforts should fail,
 He bids thee 'gainst Rawdon forthwith to proceed,
 For the weal of the country depends on thy speed."

And Sumter believed her; he gave the command
 Forthwith to assemble his mountaineer band,
 And while the drums rattled and the clarions blew,
 The maiden went out to her charger and threw
 Her arms round his neck, exclaiming with joy:
 "Friend! knowest what meaning these signals convoy?
 The thanks of a country for thy valorous deed,
 For saved is the country, yea! saved by thy speed!"

F. Muench.

"FERGUSON'S DEFEAT."

Come all of you good people, I pray you draw near,
 A tragic story you quickly shall hear,
 Of Whigs and of Tories, how they bred a great strife,
 When they chased old Ferguson out of his life.

We marched to the Cowpens, brave Campbell was there,
 And Shelby and Cleveland and Colonel Severe,
 Taking the lead of their bold mountaineers,
 Brave Indian fighters, devoid of all fears.

They were men of renown, like lions so bold,
 Lions undaunted, ne'er to be controlled;
 They were bent on a game they had in their eye,
 Determined to take it, to conquer or die.

We marched to the Cowpens that very same night;
 Sometimes we got wrong, but then we got right,
 Our hearts being run in true Liberty's mold,
 We regarded not hunger, nor wet, nor cold.

Early next morning we came to the ford,
 Cherokee was its name and Buford the word,
 We marched thro' the river with courage so free,
 Expecting the foeman we might quickly see.

Like eagles a'hungry, in search of their prey,
 We chased the old fox the best part of the day.
 At length on King's Mountain the old rogue we found,
 And we, like bold heroes, his camp did surround.

The drums they did beat, the guns they did rattle,
 Our enemies stood us a very smart battle;
 Like lightning the flashes, like thunder the noise,
 Such was the onset of our Mountain boys.

The battle did last the best part of an hour;
 The guns they did roar, the bullets did shower;
 With an oath in our hearts to conquer the field
 We rushed on the Tories, resolved they should yield.

We laid old Ferguson dead on the ground;
 Four hundred and fifty dead Tories lay round,
 Making a large escort, if not very wise,
 To guide him to his chosen abode in the skies.

Brave Colonel Williams and twenty-five more
 Of our brave heroes lay rolled in their gore;
 With sorrow their bodies we lay in the clay,
 In hopes that to heaven their souls took their way.

We shouted the victory that did obtain,
 Our voices were heard seven miles on the plain:
 "Liberty shall stand, and the Tories shall fall;"
 Here's an end to my song, so God bless you all.

—*Anon.*

"BUTLER AND THE PALMETTO REGIMENT."

I saw a band of heroes brave,
 Palmetto was its sacred name,
 Go forth to seek the conqueror's grave,
 Or reap the conqueror's deathless fame.
 I saw with tender feeling's swell
 Each bosom as they breathe: "Farewell,
 My Native Land," and a tear-drop fell
 From every eye.

But when they turned their feet from home,
 Then shrieked the fife and pealed the drum,
 And rang the deafening shout: "O come
 Death or victory."

Their flag on high is wide unfurled,
 And onward is the signal given,
 With shivering clash their arms are hurled,
 And death before their ranks is driven,
 Amid the thundering cannon's roar,
 'Mid curling, smoking and streaming gore.
 When death's halo on them thickest pour

I hear a voice,
 "Onward to the charge," he boldly cries;
 "Onward where immortal glory lies!
 E'en now bright victory greets our eyes;
 Onward, brave boys!"

'Tis Butler! at whose moving words
 The stoutest heart fresh courage takes;
 The roar of guns or clash of swords,
 His fearless soul more fearless makes,
 As on they charge—the Spartan band
 Fall thick and fast on every hand,
 Yet firmly, nobly do they stand,
 Though few remain.
 The Stars and Stripes at length prevail,
 Their folds triumphant kiss the gale,
 But victory shouts the horrid tale,
 "Brave Butler's slain!"

He died indeed a hero's death,
 He fell twice wounded to the field,
 Exclaiming with latent breath,
 "O never, never, basely yield!"
 Sleep on, Carolina's bewailed son!
 On earth thy glorious course is run!
 Thy noble work was nobly done,
 O thine is fame!
 Though thou art dead, thy deed shall live,
 Our highest tribute to receive,
 And thousands yet unborn shall give
 Praise to thy name.

—Rev. A. H. Lester.

CHARGE OF HAGOOD'S BRIGADE.

Scarce seven hundred men they ~~had~~ *stood*
 In tattered, rude array,
 A remnant of that gallant band,
 Who erstwhile held the sea-girt strand
 Of Morris' Isle, with iron hand
 'Gainst Yankees' hated sway.

Secessionville their banner claims,
 And Sumter, held 'mid smoke and flames,
 And dark the battle on the streams of Pocotaligo;
 And Walthall's Junction's hard-earned fight,
 And Drewry's Bluff's embattled height,
 Whence at the gray dawn of the light,
 They rushed upon the foe.

Tattered and torn those banners now,
 But not less proud each lofty brow,

Untaught as yet to yield:
 With mien unblenched, unfaltering eye,
 Forward where bombshells shrieking fly,
 Flecking with smoke the azure sky,
 On Weldon's fated field.

Sweeps from the woods the bold array,
 Not their's to falter in the fray,
 No men more sternly trained than they
 To meet their deadly doom;
 While from a hundred throats agape,
 A hundred sulphurous flames escape,
 Round shot, and canister, and grape,
 The thundering cannon's boom.

Swift, on their flank, with fearful crash,
 Shrapnel and ball commingling clash,
 And bursting shells, with lurid flash,
 Their dazzled sight confound;
 Trembles the earth beneath their feet,
 Along their front a rattling sheet
 Of leaden hail, concentric, meet,
 And numbers strew the ground.

On, o'er the dying and the dead,
 O'er mangled limb and gory head,
 With martial look, with martial tread,
 March Hagood's men to bloody bed,
 Honor, their sole reward;
 Himself doth lead their battle line,
 Himself those banners guard.

They win the height, those gallant few,
 A fiercer struggle to renew,
 Resolved as gallant men to do
 Or sink in glory's shroud;
 But scarcely gain its stubborn crest,
 Ere, from the ensign's murdered breast,
 An impious foe has dared to wrest
 That banner proud.

Upon him, Hagood, in thy might!
Flash on thy soul the immortal light
Of those brave deeds that blazon bright,

Our Southern Cross;
He dies. Unfurl its folds again,
Let it wave proudly o'er the plain;
The dying shall forget their pain,
Count not their loss.

Then, rally to your chieftain's call,
Ploughed through by cannon-shot and ball,
Hemmed in, as by a living wall,
Cleave back your way.
Those bannered deeds, their souls inspire,
Borne amid sheets of forked fire,
By the two hundred who retire
Of that array.

Oh, Carolina! well the tear
May dew thy cheek; thy clasped hand rear
In passion, o'er their tombless bier,
Thy fallen chivalry!
Malony, mirror of the brave,
And Sellers lie in glorious grave,
No prouder fate than theirs, who gave
Their lives for Liberty.

—Anon.

TO THE WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY.

Raise the shaft, 'tis for our mothers,
Set its base with colors fair;
Furl the faded, starry banner
Round its staff, and leave it there.

Lift it where the earliest sunbeam
Drives the morning's mist away;
Leave it where the fading twilight
Lingers longest with the day.

Twine the myrtle with the ivy,
And the fragrant scented vine;
Bring the white magnolia blossoms
And the crimson columbine.

North, and east, and south, and westward,
Front its columns pure and white;
Write upon the peerless marble,
On its polished tablets, write—

How they toiled, and prayed, and suffered,
 Through the long and bitter years,
 Kept the altar fires burning,
 With the incense of their tears;

How their love, in streams of blessing,
 Wore its channels deep and wide,
 Bore the fortunes of the battle,
 On its broad and surging tide;

How their faith, that trusted ever,
 Rested on the soldier's shield,
 Watched above the bloody carnage,
 And upon the tented field;

How the summer bloomed and faded,
 Yet did love and trust abide;
 But their hopes, like shattered roses,
 With the autumn glory died.

Then from out the burning emblems,
 Love and hope and faith and trust,
 Soared above the desolation,
 Shook their plumage of its dust;

Returning, brought the sprig of olive,
 Saw the bow of promise spanned,
 And the dawn of peace and plenty,
 O'er a broad and smiling land.

But the heart knows no forgetting,
 And within her silent halls,
 Where the fragrant incense rises,
 And the inner sunlight falls.

Hang the swords and rusty scabbards,
 With the coats of faded gray,
 And perfumed with myrrh and aloes,
 All the flags are laid away.

And beside the faded banners,
 And the urns of storied dust;
 Memory stands within the portals,
 Keeping watch above her trust.

HAMPTON: SALUTEM.

Hushed is the blare of the bugle,
 Muffled the beat of the drum,
 When, to render their faithful greeting,
 The gaunt gray warriors come.

Up from the marshes of Beaufort,
 From the rolling strand of Horry,
 To where palmettoes guard the line
 Of the City by the Sea:

From houses of York and Lancaster,
 To the plains where the forests mix;
 From the rugged hills and winding streams
 Of the heart of Ninety-Six:

From Piedmont unto the Pee Dee,
 Where the yellow waters run,
 And the face of the great Atlantic
 Is kissed by the rising sun:

They have come to do him honor,
 To look on his carven face,
 Where the sculptor's hand has molded
 The soul of his fighting race.

But beyond the ranks of the living,
 Who gaze on his face to-day,
 Are ghostly lines, with solemn poise,
 The Paladins of the Grey,

Who have passed to greet their chieftain
 On the far shore line of light,
 Who bore the toil, who kept the faith,
 And passed into the night.

So, the arching skies were studded
 With the hosts no eye can see,
 Who cheered the grey old chieftain
 In his hour of victory.

To these his hat is lifted,
 To these his eyes are raised,
 When the mighty steeds were rushing,
 And the fires of battle blazed.

God rest thee, gallant Hampton,
 Peer of thine English sires,
 Whose name is held in reverence,
 Around our bright heart-fires!

For many a mother and maiden
 Poured nightly prayers for thee,
 When thou gavest wealth and blood
 To set thy people free.

So, with the gaunt grey warriors,
 The little children come,
 Though hushed is the blare of the bugle,
 Muffled the beat of the drum.

They have spoken the benediction,
 The people's greeting is done;
 Now leave him alone, on plinth of stone,
 At rest with Washington.

—*James Henry Rice, Jr.*

HO, FOR CAROLINA!

Let no heart in sorrow weep for other days;
 Let no idle dreamer tell in melting lays,
 Of the merry meetings in the rosy bowers,
 For there is no land on earth, like this fair land of ours!

Down in Carolina grows the lofty pine,
 And her groves and forests bear the scented vine;
 Here in peaceful homes, too, nestling 'mid the flowers,
 Oh, there is no land on earth, like this fair land of ours!

Come to Carolina in the summer time,
 When the luscious fruits are hanging in their prime,
 And the maidens singing in their leafy bowers;
 Oh, there is no land on earth, like this fair land of ours!

All her girls are charming, graceful, too, and gay,
 Happy as the bluebirds in the month of May;
 And they steal your heart, too, by their magic powers—
 Oh! there are no girls on earth that can compare with ours.

And her sons so true, in "warp and woof," and "grain,"
 First to shed their blood on Freedom's battle-plain;
 And first to hail, from sea to mountain bowers,
 Strangers from all other lands to this fair land of ours.

Then for Carolina, brave and free and strong,
 Sound the meed of praises in story and in song—
 From her fertile vales and lofty granite towers,
 For there is no land on earth, like this fair land of ours!

CHORUS:

Ho! for Carolina! That's the land for me!
 In her happy borders roam the brave and free!
 And her bright-eyed daughters, none can fairer be!
 Oh! it is the land of love, and sweet Liberty!

THE CHILDREN'S SONG.

(Air: Maryland, My Maryland.)

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

Land of our Birth, we pledge to thee
 Our love and toil in the years to be,
 When we are grown and take our place,
 As men and women with our race:

Father in Heaven, who lovest all,
 Oh help Thy children when they call;
 That they may build from age to age,
 An undefiled heritage!

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
 With steadfastness and careful truth;
 That, in our time, Thy Grace may give
 The Truth whereby the Nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves alway,
 Controlled and cleanly night and day;
 That we may bring, if need arise,
 No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look in all our ends,
 On Thee for judge, and not our friends;
 That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
 By fear or labour of the crowd.

Teach us the Strength that cannot seek,
 By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
 That, under Thee, we may possess
 Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us Delight in simple things,
 And Mirth that has no bitter springs;
 Forgiveness free of evil done,
 And Love to all men 'neath the sun!

Land of our Birth, our Faith, our Pride,
 For whose dear sake our fathers died;
 O Motherland, we pledge to thee,
 Head, heart, and hand through the years to be!

DIXIE'S LAND.

(Original Version.)

BY DANIEL DECATUR EMMETT.

I wish I wuz in de land ob cotton;
 Old times dar am not forgotten;
 Look away! look away! look away!
 Dixie land.

In Dixie land, whar I wuz born in,
 Early on one frosty mornin',
 Look away! look away! look away!
 Dixie land.

Chorus—Den I wish I were in Dixie, hooray! hooray!
 In Dixie land

I'll took my stand
 To lib and die in Dixie.
 Away, away, away down South in Dixie.
 Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

Old Missus marry "Will-de-weaber,"
 William was a gay deceaber;
 Look away! etc.
 But when he put his arm around 'er,
 He smiled as fierce as a forty pounder.
 Look away! etc.

Chorus—Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.
 His face was sharp as a butcher's cleaber,
 But dat did not seem to greab 'er;
 Look away! etc.
 Old Missus acted de foolish part,
 And died for a man dat broke her heart.
 Look away! etc.

Chorus—Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.
 And here's a health to the next old Missus,
 And all de gals dat want to kiss us;
 Look away! etc.
 But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
 Come and hear dis song to-morrow.
 Look away! etc.

Chorus—Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.
 Dar's buckwheat cakes and Ingen' batter,
 Makes you fat or a little fatter;
 Look away! etc.
 Den hoe it down and scratch your grabble,
 For Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,
 Look away! etc.

Chorus—Den I wish I was in Dixie, etc.

TIMROD'S "CAROLINA."

(Arranged that it may be sung to the air: "Maryland, My Maryland.")

The despot treads thy sacred sands,
South Carolina!

Thy pines give shelter to his bands,
South Carolina!

Thy sons stand by with idle hands,
He breathes at ease thy airs of balm,
He scorns the lances of thy palm,
South Carolina!

Oh, who shall break thy craven calm,
South Carolina!

Thy ancient fame is growing dim,
South Carolina!

A spot is on thy garment's rim;
Give to the winds thy battle hymn,
Call on thy children of the hill,
South Carolina!

Wake swamp and river, coast and rill,
South Carolina!

Rouse all thy strength and all thy skill,
South Carolina!

Touch with thy fire the cautious mart,
And pour thee through the people's heart,
Till even the coward spurns his fears,
South Carolina!

And all thy fields, and fens, and meres,
South Carolina!

Shall bristle like thy palm, with spears,
South Carolina!

Hold up the glories of thy dead;
Say how thy elder children bled,
And point to Eutaw's battle-bed,
South Carolina!

Tell how the patriots' soul was tried,
South Carolina!

And what his dauntless breast defied,
South Carolina!

How Rutledge ruled, and Laurens died,
Cry, till thy summons, heard at last,
Shall fall, like Marion's bugle blast,
South Carolina!

SOUTH CAROLINA.

To South Carolina belongs the high honor of being one of the earliest, if not the very first colony to offer a premium for immigration. This stroke of enterprise was made over two centuries ago, in 1670, when the low-rent inducement was held out by the Ashley River settlement, under Sayle, of land at halfpenny per acre for five years. This invitation wafted across the sea brought many settlers to the palmetto-fringed State, and marked the beginning of a progressive policy that is being followed, in this later time, throughout all the South with the most prosperous and beneficent results.

To-day South Carolina remains true to her past. She offers a comfortable home with all the conveniences of modern civilization, fine farming land at a nominal prime, good titles to every foot of it, and a cordial welcome to the home-seeker. To capital she offers fair and just laws, ample protection to property, an honest and honorable class of working people, good markets at home and the best facilities for reaching those abroad, abundant and safe banking facilities, in many instances exemption from local taxation and a helping hand—a hand with dollars in it.

The inheritance of enterprise in fostering immigration is not the only bequest from the past of which South Carolina is proud. Her patriotic record during the War for Independence is a splendid legacy of deeds of high emprise, all of which made for liberty. Her Laurenses, her Rutledges, her Pinckneys were noble contributors to the cause of the country's freedom. They stood with the Washingtons, the Jeffersons, the Henrys and the other immortals of the "Old Dominion," and won for South Carolina the high place of being second only to Virginia, among the Southern colonies, in the heroic struggle to break the bonds of England.

It was from the friendly cover of her forests that Marion and his men darted and struck telling blows for freedom. It was at Cowpens, within her borders, that Colonel Washington defeated the brilliant English cavalry leader Tarleton, and made the occasion for one of the choicest *bon mots* of patriotism. In a London drawingroom, years after the Revolution, it is related that Colonel Tarleton was recounting his exploits in the Lower Carolina. On referring to the battle fought at Cowpens, a noble lady inquired if it was not there that he had met Colonel Washington. Tarleton replied that it was, and added, in a contemptuous way, that the American was an illiterate rowdy of a soldier. "Ah, my dear Colonel," the lady is said to have responded, as she looked at Tarleton's fingerless hand where Washington's sword had struck, "though he may not have been able to write, he certainly could make his mark."

In the first foreign difficulty to confront the republic, the controversy with France in Washington's administration, it was a son of South Carolina, the able Pinckney, who declared "millions for defence, but not one

cent for tribute." The traditions of patriotism and of enterprise are woven into the woof of the State's history. They are an inspiration to-day in the work to achieve a high place for South Carolina in America's industrial progress.—*Selected.*

MANUFACTURING.

The figures for most of the chief manufacturing States for 1905 are not available, but it is to be doubted if any of them will show any more remarkable advance than South Carolina, in the five years that have elapsed since the 1900 census. In the figures given covering all manufacturing no cognizance is taken of establishments with product less than \$500, thus excluding the neighborhood industries and hand trades, such as the building trades, dressmaking, custom millinery, custom sawing and grinding, cotton ginning, cobbling and blacksmithing. Yet, with all this, the capital invested in manufacturing in South Carolina has reached \$113,422,224, showing a magnificent increase of 80 per cent. since 1900. The manufactured products of 1905 brought \$79,376,262, an increase in five years of 48 per cent. It is noteworthy that in all other lines of manufacture there has been exception of fertilizer products, which show a decrease. In cotton manufacturing there has been an increase of \$43,078,083 in capital, or 109 per cent., and the increase in cotton manufacture products has been 66.3 per cent. There has been an increase of 59 per cent. in the number of spindles and 23.8 per cent. in the amount of cotton consumed. General manufacturing in this State is to-day greater than it is in Iowa and our percentage of increase in capital is nearly three times as great, while in the value of the manufactured product it is more than twice as great. In cotton manufacturing alone South Carolina leads the South and the South is now using more cotton than the New England States use annually. This State uses more cotton in her mills by 30,000 bales than any other State in the South, and she has over 900,000 more spindles than any other Southern State. The State now consumes more cotton annually than any State in the Union save Massachusetts, and far more than any other Eastern State.—*Selected.*

THE AGRICULTURAL INDUSTRY.

The agricultural industry in South Carolina has been steadily growing for the last five years, but the real revival of this industry has only just begun. The value of all agricultural products is now exceeded by the value of the manufactured products, but the difference between the two is less than \$3,000,000. It is particularly noteworthy that the most conspicuous increase on agricultural lines has been in live stock, horses, mules, hogs, etc., most material increases are shown in the matter of the growing of the cereal crops. Very many branches of the agricultural industry which have tended to pile up wealth for States, not growing the products as well as South Carolina, have been sadly neglected, but at this time in various portions of the State efforts upon these lines are beginning to make themselves felt. Some idea of the different lines upon

which the chief farming operations are conducted in the State may be gathered from the brief summary showing the number of farms deriving their principal income from the products indicated. No attempt has been made to secure definitely the actual number of farms and acreage devoted thereto now in the State.—*Selected.*

THE TRUCKING INDUSTRY.

The development of the trucking industry in South Carolina has been one of the most conspicuous of all the developments in the State since 1900. This industry has heretofore been confined to practically five counties—Charleston, Colleton, Beaufort, Horry and Berkeley. In 1889 the acreage in truck in these counties and all other counties in the State amounted to only 2,103. In 1900 the total acreage in the State devoted to truck was 4,928. The rate of increase in the four trucking counties tributary to Charleston during that decade was 295 per cent. The Charleston acreage at present, for instance, is estimated by one of the most careful and best posted men on the coast, one intimately identified with the trucking industry, at 26,000 acres and the value of the truck produced has been estimated at \$2,787,000, against \$212,700 five years ago. Of course these figures are yet to be verified. Nowhere in the State has such a marked advance in trucking been observed as in Beaufort County, which county had only 30 acres in 1890 and 934 acres in 1900. The rate of growth in the last three years considered in the light of the value of product has been about \$100,000 per annum on truck to the Northern markets. It is noteworthy that not only are native whites going more extensively into trucking each year, but a number of Northern and foreign people are doing likewise, and even intelligent negroes have begun the growing of truck for the Eastern markets. Over in Horry County the growing of strawberries and fruits, begun a few years ago by Northwestern pioneers, has developed into a splendid industry. In various portions of the State trucking is beginning to be given great attention. In the decade between 1890 and 1900 the value of the local market garden products, including small fruits, grew from \$215,113 to \$1,213,759, an increase of 464.2 per cent. The value of the South Carolina trucking industry annually is rapidly reaching into the millions.—*Selected.*

WATER POWER.

The State has an immense quantity of undeveloped water power which is now being rapidly developed. Only the figures for 1900 are given in the table. Since that time several immense powers in the Piedmont have been developed and electric power and light are being furnished from this power. The great powers on the Catawba River are being developed, and an aggregate of 300,000 horse-power developed is not a too distant prospect. With the development of these water powers and transmissions of electric power the opportunities for development on the line of small and diversified manufacturing industries are limitless. Electric railway lines are sure to follow and already a number of such lines are contemplated.—*Selected.*

CHURCHES AND DENOMINATIONAL EDUCATION.

South Carolina is rich in its splendid churches, all denominations being represented. In the larger cities every one may find his particular house of worship, while the country districts are especially well provided in this respect. Denominational schools and colleges are numerous. Among them are: Columbia College for Women (Methodist), with handsome new buildings; Newberry College (Lutheran); Erskine (Associate Reformed Presbyterian); Wofford College, at Spartanburg (Methodist); Greenville Female College (Baptist); Furman University, at Greenville (Baptist); Due West Female College (Associate Reformed Presbyterian); Converse College, at Spartanburg (for girls); Ursuline Academy (for girls) (Catholic), etc. The Southern Presbyterian Theological Seminary is at Columbia.—*Selected.*

EDUCATION.

The educational institutions of South Carolina are known far and wide, both for their thoroughness and the varied fields of instruction they cover. The State has ever fostered and believed in education. South Carolina University, for men and women, at Columbia, ranks with the leading universities of the country. The Citadel, of Charleston, is a military school of enviable reputation, and is one of the four schools of this kind in the United States given a lieutenancy in the regular army each year. Clemson College is the great industrial school of the South for young men, training them for any avocation. Winthrop Normal and Industrial College, at Rock Hill, trains hundreds of young women for their life's work or in the higher branches of learning. There are numerous other institutions referred to elsewhere under the head of "Denominational Education." Aside from these, there are splendidly equipped private schools, while the State public school system is so extended and perfected as to furnish ample facilities for all sections.—*Selected.*

TIMBER.

As might be expected from a State having the palmetto as a sign manual, South Carolina is rich in timber. There is invested in the lumber industry over \$4,000,000, and the annual output has a value of \$10,000,000. There are nearly 300 lumber mills in the State, scattered in every section, and all operated at a profit. There are not less than 10,000,000 acres of yellow pine, furnishing a variety of valuable products in addition to lumber. An appreciative writer recently said: "Man finds his best forest friend in the South Carolina pine tree. Its value to the race is inestimable. We use, day after day, liniments for bruises and inflammations, the chief constituent of which is turpentine, the refined sap of the pine tree. It is used in paints, in removing stains, in medicines. In fact, its usefulness has found no bounds. Rosin and tar, creosote and lamp black are all products of the pine sap. Its long needles have been woven into cloth for carpets and bagging, and proved in many things to be superior to jute. The consumptive finds peace and ease in breathing the air per-

fumed with the exhalations of the royal pine. The worker in wood finds in it as beautiful paneling as the æsthetic heart can desire."

Lumber is manufactured into doors, sash and blinds, wagons and other articles of commerce at Abbeville, Aiken, Anderson, Columbia, Greenville, Greenwood, Newberry and other towns. As showing how much this industry can be developed, of the State's total area of 18,000,000 acres, 12,000,000 are covered with timber. Besides pine, there are the magnolia, the sweetgum and black gum, black walnut, cypress, elm, hickory, maple, Sycamore, ash, chestnut, beech, locust, persimmon, dogwood and poplar.
—*Selected.*

PROGRAM FOR PRIMARY WORK.

SONG.

(*Adopted from Timrod's lines to Washington—Air: "I Want to be an Angel."*)

A hundred years and more ago,
A little child was born—
To-day with pomp of martial show,
We hail his natal morn.

Chorus—Who guessed as that poor infant wept
Upon a mother's knee,
A great State from the centuries stept,
As weak and frail as he.

Who saw the future on his brow,
Upon that happy morn?
We are a mighty State now,
Because that child was born.

Chorus—Who guessed, etc.

PAPER ON CALHOUN.

Our great statesman, John C. Calhoun, was born in Abbeville District, March 18, 1782.

When 25 years old, he became a lawyer.

Soon after this he was sent to Congress, where he won his reputation.

After that he was made Secretary of War, Vice-President, Secretary of State and Senator twice.

He was an earnest and skillful worker.

He lived 68 years. And when he died, South Carolina felt that she had sustained a great loss.

ACROSTIC DIALOGUE—CAROLINA.

(*Let each pupil wear the letter he or she represents.*)

C is for Carolina, our own dear State.

A is for all her men, good and great.

R is for resources of which we shall hear.

O is for order in every affair.

L is for love which never shall cease.

I is for interest which shall ever increase.

N is for nerve, which her sons all possess.

A is for all that is noble and best.

All—"Constant too are we ever,
In our love for native land,
And we cherish all her treasures,
Which we see on every hand."

PAPER ON SOUTH CAROLINA.

South Carolina, the "Palmetto State," has a warm climate. Farming is the leading occupation of her people. Quantities of rice, cotton and corn are raised, besides fruit and vegetables.

Manufacturing is a growing industry. Cotton goods and lumber are important products.

The pine, oak and cypress are used for lumber and shingles.

People living near the coast get salt water fish. Those farther in obtain fish from the rivers.

Many kinds of birds live here. The mocking-bird is our favorite.

RECITATION.

(*Adopted for Calhoun.*)

'Thine shall be the life of fame,
No winter winds can wreck thy name;
And future minstrels shall rehearse
Thy virtues, in memorial verse.

—*Selected.*

SONG.

(*At the completion of the above, have children sing the following without being told.*)

Ho, for Carolina, that's the land for me,
In her happy borders, roam the brave and free.
And her bright-eyed daughters, none can fairer be!
Oh, it is the land of love and sweet liberty.

STORY—A LITTLE BAG OF RICE.

The first settlers of South Carolina had to make their living by hunting and fishing.

Thomas Smith came to South Carolina from a far away island where rice grew. He wanted to plant some here, but had no seed. One day a ship come to Charleston from his old home. The captain knew Mr. Smith and gave him a small bag of rice. This was just what he wanted. He planted it in his garden and raised a fine crop. Then he gave some seed to his friends. They planted it. The next year there was a great deal of rice, and soon thousands of barrels of rice were being sold.

DIALOGUE.

By Three Children.

(Selected from Timrod's Carolina.)

From thy dead breast by ruffians trod
No helpless child shall look to God;
All shall be safe beneath thy sod,
Carolina.

Girt with such wills to do and bear,
Assured in right, and mailed in prayer,
Thou wilt not bow thee to despair,
Carolina.

Fling down thy gauntlets to the Huns,
And roar the challenge from thy guns;
Then leave the future to thy sons,
Carolina.

Song.—Ho, for Carolina (*supra*).

THE INDIGO STORY.

Indigo is a pretty blue dye, made from the indigo plant. Eliza Lucas showed us how to raise it. She lived near Charleston with her mother. Her father lived in the West Indies, where it grew. He sent her some of the seed. She planted part of them in March, but the frost killed her crop. She tried it again in April, but the cut worms came. She sowed some of the seed once more, and this time it grew. Then her father sent a man to show her how to make the dye, but he tried to fool her. She sent for another one to teach her. Then she gave some seed to her friends and they all became rich by selling the dye.

DIALOGUE—CAROLINA, OUR PRIDE.

By Three Children.

Carolina, the pride of my bosom,
Carolina, the land of the free,
Carolina, the land of my fathers,
Carolina, my song is of thee.

Her daughters are bright as the sunshine
 That lightens the hills of the west,
 And fair as the rose of the valley
 That blushes and blooms on her breast.

Hurrah! Carolina, forever,
 A glorious destiny waits.
 Carolina, the cradle of freedom,
 The noblest of all the great States.

—H.

Song.—Ho, for Carolina (supra).

The End.

Blackboard: "GOD BLESS OUR STATE" in arch over Palmetto tree and State Seal; map of South Carolina.

FLAG DRILL.

Furnish each child with a Carolina flag. (Palmetto tree and crescent painted on blue calico cut in shape of flag.)

Children on each side of stage enter from the back; meet in the center of back of stage, march forward in couples, first boy in each line marching together, numbers two together, and so on. During this part of march flags are held in right hand and leaning against right shoulder. Divide and march in opposite directions. Form twos in back of stage. March forward. Couple number one marches to the left, couple number two to right, number three to left, etc.

Meet at back of stage, form fours. March to front. Divide—two to right and two to left. Meet at back of stage. March forward in twos. Divide in single file. Lines pass at back of stage. March around and pass again in front. March to back of stage. Form single file. Form coil on stage while marching. March to back of stage. Position for drill.

Drill.

Salute—Right hand forward (1), back (2), out at side (3), back (4).

Position.

Shoulder—Right hand placed on left shoulder, flags perpendicular.

Position.

Retreat—March back eight steps.

Forward—Eight steps to front.

Friendship—Cross flags, couples facing.

Unfurl—Step obliquely forward and place right hand on left shoulder on count 1. Wave flag to right on count 2 and hold it up 5 counts.

Position.

Wave—Left (1), right (2), left (3), etc.

Position.

Peace—Let flag droop behind shoulder, right hand against shoulder, staff pointing horizontally backward.

(Repeat if desired.)

SONG.

Salute the flag! the dear old flag,
 With colors white and blue;
 It stands for truth and liberty,
 This flag is waving for you.

We love thy colors, every one,
 Emblem of truth and peace;
 Thou art the flag of rich and poor,
 O may thy lustre increase.

CHORUS:

Hurrah! Hurrah! For our State flag! Hurrah!
 We cheer thee all over our land, our Carolina flag.

(Adopted from "Flag Song," by T. M. Towne, so that it may be sung to the air of "Bonnie Blue Flag." Teachers may improvise motions to suit song.)



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